

Wiggle=Stick^(Patented)

Laundry Blue

"That's what they all said," he responded, triumphantly. "It was their strictest by-law. Miss Ashton is not quite twenty-one."

"Great Scott! How I wish I had a name!" he sighed, as he turned away. "But I haven't an idea in my noggin as to finding one."

Miss Ashton had an idea though.

"Are you sure that you *can't* need to be a little more specific?"

"But think of the girl, for I do not love her. Since I have known you—"

"But you do not know me and you should not be here talking to me," she remained adamant. "I am sure that that you are only an unknown connoisseur that I am entertaining. And you must go home now."

To atone for her harshness she brought a fortune teller along with her. The fortune teller, after his brief, pleasant and futuristic forecast, put his hand, pressed and rubbed it over her forehead.

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